



H

56



BH56



Rowlandson 1799

Published as the Act directs, by E. Jones, St. John's Church, 1799.

The Musical Bouquet ;
or Popular Songs, and Ballads :
Some of which are Composed, & others Selected by the Editor :
to which are added, proper Accompaniments
for the HARP, or HARPSICHORD,
and most respectfully Inscribed to his Scholars,

by

Edward Jones;
Bard to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, & Teacher of the Harp.

Never Sing but to the Harp.

Pythagoras.

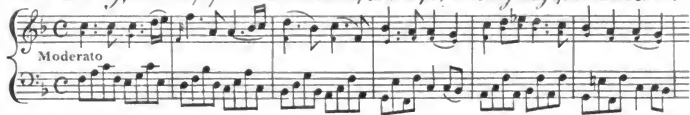
Price 7 s. 6 d. —

London, Printed and Sold at N^o 3, Green Street, near Grosvenor Square, & at the Principal Music-Shops:
Where also may be had the following works by the same Author; Musical & Poetical Relicks of the Welsh Bards. —
Musical Miscellany — Musical Remains — Musical Trifles — A Selection of French and
Italian Ariettas — Cheshire Melodies — &c. —



A Song, which was performed at the Festival of Lord Mayor, in the Mayornalty of Sir Wathin Lewis.

Moderato



Song
Thy native Harp then



Sym
bring with thee, Nurfe of ancient minstrel-fy,



Nurfe of an-cient minstrel-fy; Strung to match he-ro-ic Song,



Volti

Strung to match he-ro-ic Song, *Sym* *f*

Measures, em-blem of thy Land,

Sweet-ly va-ri-able, yet grand; measures em-blem of thy Land,

Sweet-ly va-ri-able, yet grand; Grace-ful, like thy Sons, and bold,



*An Egyptian Love Song.*Composed by Ed^d Jones.

Voice

HARP
Accompanim^t.

Sweet doth blush the ro - sy morning, Sweet doth beam the

glist' - ning dew; Sweeter still the day a - - dorn - - ing,

Thy dear Smiles transport my view. midst the blofsoms fragrance flowing,

why delights the honied Bee; Sweet-er breaths thy-self be-stowing,

one kind kifs on me! one kind kifs on me, on me!

Sym

*Song.*Compos'd by E^d Jones.Slow and
Pathetic.

As down the Torrent's roar-ing Tide, a while the cumb'rous

mafs may glide, dis - - - fe - - ver'd from the Shore, dis -

- fe - ver'd from the Shore; But to the Lakes calm fur - - face borne, It

feels its own sad weight re - turn, and finks, and finks, to rise no more

and sinks, and sinks, to rise no more.

p

cres

Sym.

2

So, lost to love, oppress'd by grief,
 Midst social mirth a short relief
 The forrowing heart may know;
 But ah! to lonely thought retir'd,
 It mocks the joy by mirth inspir'd,
 And droops in lasting woe.

*Bring me flowers bring me wine.*The words by the Dutches of Devonshire & the music by E^d Jones.

Siciliano.

Bring me flow - ers bring me wine, Boy at - tend thy
 mas - ters call; round my brows let myr - tles twine,
 at my feet let roses fall; Breath in soft - est notes the Flute,
 form the Song and sound the Lute, Let the gen - tle ac - cent flow,



2

Sorrow wou'd annoy my heart,
 But I hate it's baneful sting;
 Joys shall chace the rapid dart,
 I will laugh, and I will sing:
 What avails the downcast Eye,
 What avails the Tear, the Sigh,
 Why should grief obstruct our way
 When we live but for a day!

Gay.

Now is the month of may - ing, when mer - ry lads are playing, fa la

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, fa la la, la, la, la, la, la. Each with his bon - ny lads, up -

- on the greeny grafs, fa la la la la, fa la la la la la la, la, la la la la.

See how they whisk it, whisk it, a - bout they frisk it, frisk it; fa - la, la, la, la, la,

Accomp!

la, la, la. fa-la la la la, la la. Each lad and comely lads, Thus seemly they do

pafs; fa-la, la la la, fa la la la la la la, la, la la la la.

These rural sports are pleasing,
 Content doth bring hearts easing,
 Fa la-la, la, la, la, &c.
 'Tis thus we cheat "old Time,
 Which suits but ev'ry clime;
 Fa la la, la, la, la, &c.

Celia.

Tenderly.

The words written by Miss Seward, and the music by Ed. Jones.

Ce - lia vow'd at ear - ly dawn, to meet me on the

blofsom'd lawn; But hush'd in sleep my love - ly maid, for -

- gets the ten - der vow she made.

Sym.



2

Fair shines the dewy light of morn
And brightly gems the silver thorn;
But hush'd in sleep my lovely maid
Forgets the tender vow she made!



3

Gay Linnets carol from the hill,
And sparkling flows the mountain rill,
But hush'd in sleep &c.



4

Fresh Roses glow on ev'ry bush,
With perfum'd breath and crimson blush;
But hush'd in sleep &c.



5

Come, lovely Nymph, they seem to say,
Adorn, like us, the rising day;
But hush'd in sleep &c.



6

Charms dear as thine, alone can bring,
The joys that crown the breathing spring;
They, hush'd in dull suspense must sleep,
If thou should'st fail thy vow to keep. —

*Invocation to Nature.**Skullz.*

Adagio

Ho - ly nature, heav'n - ly fair, Lead me with thy pa - rent care; In thy
 footsteps let me tread, as a willing child is led.

2

When with care and grief opprest
 Soft I sink me on thy breast;
 On thy peaceful bosom laid,
 Grief shall cease, nor care invade

3

O Congenial pow'r divine,
 All my votive soul is thine!
 Lead me with thy parent care,
 Holy nature, heav'nly fair.

Phillida. a Dirge.

15

And^{te}

My Phil-li-da a-dieu Love, for evermore fare-well, ah! me I've lost my

The first system of the musical score is in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The tempo is marked 'And^{te}'. The lyrics are: 'My Phil-li-da a-dieu Love, for evermore fare-well, ah! me I've lost my'.

true love, and thus I sing her knell, ding dong ding dong ding dong, my Philli-da is

The second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: 'true love, and thus I sing her knell, ding dong ding dong ding dong, my Philli-da is'.

dead, I'll stick a branch of wil-low at my fair Phillida's head; ding

The third system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: 'dead, I'll stick a branch of wil-low at my fair Phillida's head; ding'.

ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong ding.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: 'ding dong ding dong, ding dong ding dong ding.' The word 'Sym' is written above the final measure of the melody.

turn over

For my fair Philli-da a bridal bed was made, But 'stead of silks so

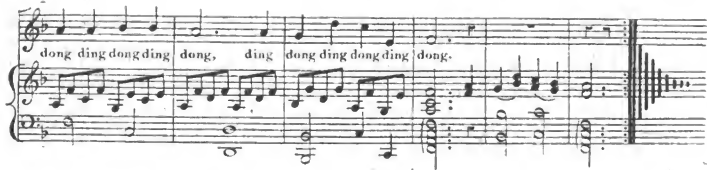
This system contains the first line of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The lyrics are: "For my fair Philli-da a bridal bed was made, But 'stead of silks so". The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

gay, She in her shroud is laid; ding dong ding dong ding, my

This system contains the second line of the musical score. The lyrics are: "gay, She in her shroud is laid; ding dong ding dong ding, my". The melody continues with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the eighth-note accompaniment pattern.

Philli-da is dead, I'll stick a branch of wil-low at my fair Phillidas head, ding

This system contains the third line of the musical score. The lyrics are: "Philli-da is dead, I'll stick a branch of wil-low at my fair Phillidas head, ding". The melody concludes with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the eighth-note accompaniment pattern.



3

Her corpse shall be attended
By maids in fair array,
'Till the obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay:
ding dong &c.

4

I'll deck her Tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen;
And with my tears as showers,
I'll keep them fresh and green.
ding dong &c.

5

Instead of fairest colours,
Set forth with curious art,
Her Image it is painted
On my distressed heart!
ding dong &c.

6

In fable will I mourn,
Black shall be all my weed,
Ah! me I am forlorn,
Since Phillida is dead!
ding dong &c.

The Death Song of the Cherokee Indian.

The words adapted to the original Air by a Lady.

Grave.

The Sun sets in night, and the

Stars shun the Day, but Glo-ry remains tho' their Light fades a-way; Be-

- gin, ye Tormentors, your threats are in vain, for the Son of ALKNOMOOK shall



2

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps, which we bore from your Nation away:
 Why so slow?—do you think I shall shrink from my Pain?
 No—the Son of ALKNOMOOK shall never complain.

3

Remember the Arrows I shot from my Bow:
 Remember the Chiefs, which my Hatchet laid low,
 Now the Fire rises high you exult in my Pain.
 But the Son of ALKNOMOOK shall never complain.

4

I go to the Land where my Father is gone,
 His ghost shall rejoice at the Fame of his Son.
 Death comes like a Friend; he relieves me from Pain,
 And the Son of ALKNOMOOK hath scorn'd to complain.

Oh my Love.

Andante

Oh my Love, lov'st thou me, Come quickly then and save me who dies for thee?

Allegro

A Chorus of 4 in unison or for one voice.

1 Here's a Health to all those that we love;

2 Here's a Health to all those that love us;

3 Here's a Health to all those that love them that love those,

4 Love them that love those, that love us.

(If too low, these notes may be sung an Octave higher)

The Dirge in Cymbeline.

The words by Collins.

21

Grave.

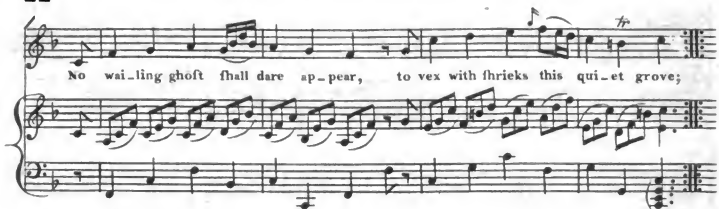
To fair Fi--de--le's graf-fy Tomb, soft maids and vil--lage

hinds shall bring; each opening sweet, of ear-liest bloom, and ri--fle all the

breathing spring.

Sym.

Turn over.



No wai-ling ghost shall dare ap-pear, to vex with shrieks this qui-et grove;

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a half note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. It features a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



But Shepherd Lads af-fem-ble here, and melting Vir-gins own their love.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter note D5, followed by a half note E5, a quarter note F5, and a half note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. Dynamic markings 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte) are present in the piano part.



3

No wither'd Witch shall here be seen,
 No Goblins lead their nightly Crew;
 The female Fays shall haunt the Green,
 And dress thy Grave with pearly Dew.

4

The Red-breast oft at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary Moss and gather'd Flowers,
 To deck the Ground where thou art laid.

5

When howling Winds and beating Rain
 In Tempest's shake the Sylvan Cell;
 Or 'midst the Chace on every Plain,
 The tender Thought on Thee shall dwell.

A Favorite Catch; upon Christ-Church Bells, in Oxford.

Adapted for the Harp.

*Composed by J. Aldrich,
Dean of Christ-Church, in 1693.*

1st

Hark! the bon-ny Christ-church Bells, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; they found fo

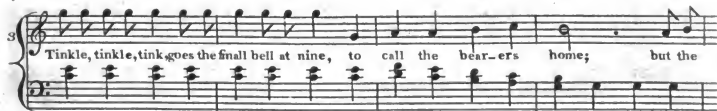
woun-dy great, fo wond'rous sweet, and they troul fo merri-ly, mer-ri-ly:

2

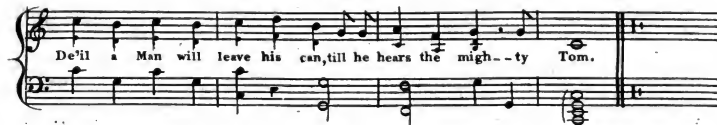
Hark! the first and fecond Bell, that eve-ry day at four and ten, cries,



come, come, come, come, come to pry's, and the Ver-ger troops be-fore the Dean.



Tinkle, tinkle, tink, goes the snail bell at nine, to call the bear-ers home; but the



De'il a Man will leave his can, till he hears the migh--ty Tom.

Adeste Fideles. The Portuguese Hymn on the Nativity.

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains the melody with lyrics: A--des-te fi--de--les læ-ti trium-phan-tes ve--ni--te ve-- . The bass clef staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody with lyrics: _ni--te in Beth--le--hem, Na--tum vi--de--te regem an-ge-. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. A double bar line is present after the first measure of the second phrase. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody with lyrics: --lo-rum ve-ni-te a--do--re-mus ve-ni-te a--do-re-mus ve--ni--te a--do-. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

Duo

re - - mus Do - - mi - - num. ve - ni - te a - do re - mus, ve - ni - te a - do -

Cho^s

- - re - mus, Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus Do - - mi - - num.

2

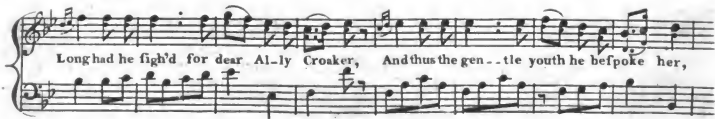
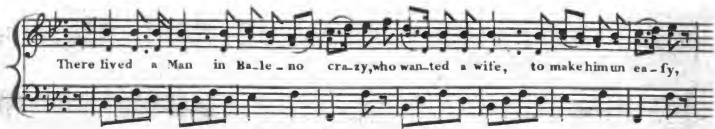
Deum de Deo lumen de lumine
 Gestant puella viscera
 Deum verum genitum non factum,
 Venite adoremus Dominum.

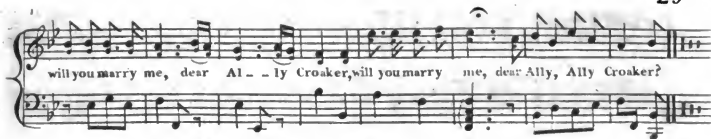
3

Ergo, qui natus die hodierna,
 Jesu tibi sit gloria,
 Patris aeterni verbum caro factum;
 Venite adoremus Dominum.

4

Cantet nunc Io! chorus angelorum,
 Cantet nunc aula caelestium;
 Gloria in excelsis Deo,
 Venite adoremus Dominum.

Ally Croaker.



2
 This artless young man just come from the schoolary,
 A novice in love, and all its foolary;
 Too dull for a wit, too grave for a joaker,
 And thus the gentle youth bespoke her;
 Will you marry me, dear Ally Croaker,
 Will you marry me, dear Ally, Ally Croaker?

3
 He drank with the father, he talk'd with the mother,
 He rompt with the sister, he gam'd with the brother;
 He gam'd 'till he pawn'd his coat to the broker,
 Which lost him the heart of his dear Ally Croaker;
 Oh! the fickle, fickle, Ally Croaker,
 Oh! the fickle Ally, Ally Croaker.

4
 To all you young men who are fond of gaming,
 Who are spending your money whilst others are saving:
 Fortune's a jilt, the de'el may choke her,
 A jilt more inconstant than dear Ally Croaker;
 Oh! the inconstant Ally Croaker,
 Oh! the inconstant Ally, Ally Croaker. —

1st

Why should not we three be merry?

Our Ale is as brown as a Berry:

2

What then should be the thing, to hin-der us to sing hey down derry, down derry?

3

Hey down a down hey down derry, hey down a down down a down down a down down der-ry.

The Soldier's Pledge of Love; a Ballad.

31

Thomas.

Tho' the fate of

Battle on to morrow wait, Let's not lose our prattle, now my Char-ming Kate; 'Till the hour of

Glo-ry, Love shou'd now take place, nor damp the Joys before you with a fu-ture case.

Sym

Turn to.

Kate

Oh! my Thomas still be constant, still be true, be but to your Kate, as Kate is
still - to you: Glo-ry will at-tend you, still will make us blest, with
my firmest Love, my Dear, you're still possest.

Thomas.

3

No new Beauties tasted, I'm their arts above,
 Three Campaigns are wasted, but not so my Love;
 Anxious still about thee, thou art all I prize,
 Never, Kate, without thee, will I bung these Eyes.

Kate.

4

Constant to my Thomas, I will still remain,
 Nor think I will leave thy side, the whole Campaign;
 But I'll cherish thee, and strive to make thee bold;
 May'st thou share the Vic'tory! may'st thou share $\frac{1}{2}$ Gold!

Thomas.

5

If by some bold Action, I the Halbert bear,
 Think what satisfaction, when my Rank you share;
 Drest like any Lady, fair from top to toe,
 Fine lac'd Caps and Ruffles, then will be your due.

Kate.

6

If a Serjeant's Lady, I should chance to prove,
 Linnen shall be ready, always for my Love;
 Never more will Kate, the Captain's Laundress be,
 I'm too pretty Thomas Love, for all but thee.

Thomas.

7

Here Kate, take my 'BACCORBOX, a Soldier's all,
 If by Frenchmen's blows, your Tom is doom'd to fall;
 When my Life is ended, thou may'st boast and prove,
 Thou'd'st my first, my last, my only Pledge of Love.

Kate.

8

Here take back thy 'BACCORBOX, thou'rt all to me,
 Nor think but I will be near thee, Love, to see,
 In the Hour of danger, let me always share,
 I'll be kept no stranger, to my Soldier's fare.

Thomas.

9

Check that rising sigh, Kate, stop that falling tear,
 Come, my pretty Comrade, entertain no fear;
 But may Heav'n befriend us, hark! the Drums command,
 Now I will attend you - Love, I kiss your hand.

Both.

10

I can't stop these Tears, tho' crying I disdain,
 But must own 'tis trying, hard the point to gain.
 May good Heav'n defend thee, T. Conquest on me wait!
 K. Conquest on thee wait!
 One kiss more and then, I T. Give myself to Fate.
 K. Give thee up to Fate.

Here's a Health to all good Lasses.

Here's a Health to all good Lasses, Here's a Health to all good Lasses, Here's a Health to all good

The first system of music is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Lasses, Pledge it merri-ly, fill your Glasses, Let a Bumper-toast go round, Let a Bumper toast go

The second system of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

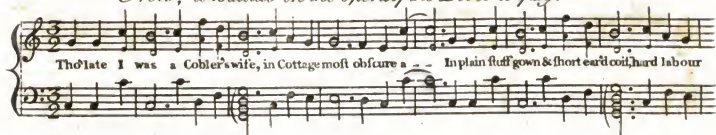
May they live - - - - - round. May they live a Life of pleasure, without mixture, without measure, For with

The third system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

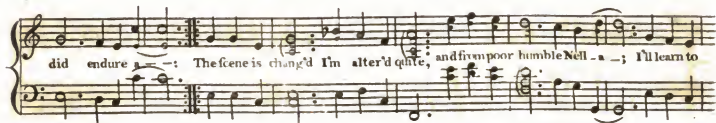
them true joys are found. for with them true joys are found. All good Lafses, *ria.* Fill your
f Here's a Bumper,

glafses *ria.* Here's a Health to all good Lafses, Pledge it mer-ri-ly, fill your
f Here's a Bumper, *ria.*

for. Glafses, Let a Bumper-toast go round, Let a Bumper-toast go round.
for.

Nell; a Ballad in the Opera of the Devil to pay.


Tho' late I was a Cobler's wife, in Cottage most obscure a — In plain stuff gown & short ear'd coit, hard labour

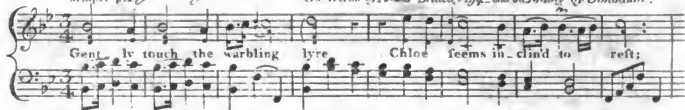


did endure —: The scene is chang'd I'm alter'd quite, and five poor humble Nell — a —; I'll learn to



dance, to read and write, and from all bear the Bell — a —

Gently touch the Warbling Lyre. 37
Sempre pia *The Words by Arthur Bradley Esq. and the Melody by Geminiani.*

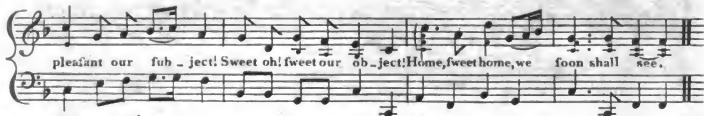


2nd

On the mossy bank she lyes,
(Natur's verdant velvet bed;)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head;
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound.—

Dulce Domum.

This celebrated Song, is annually sung on the evening preceeding the Whifflin-holidays at St. Mary College, Winchester; at which time the Masters, Scholars, and Choristers, attended by a band of music, walk in procession round the courts of the college singing Dulce Domum, which is here imitated in English; the original Latin words, are said to have been composed by a Wykehamist boy, and the music by John Reading, about the year 1676.



Chorus, 2nd time



Play this accompaniment the second time.





2nd Now the Swallow, bird of summer,
 Seeks again her long-left home;
 See her nest preparing!
 We, my boys, shall share in
 The dear delights of home, sweet home!
 Home, the seat, of joy and pleasure, &c.

3rd Swift as thought, ye generous couriers,
 Bear us to the wish'd-for end!
 To the fond caresses,
 The tender embraces,
 Of each lov'd and loving friend.
 Home, the seat, of joy and pleasure, &c.

*The Ballad of Barbara Allen.**Arranged by Edw.^d Jones.**Slow and Pathetic.*

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score is divided into four systems. The first system contains the first line of the song. The second system contains the second line. The third system contains the third line, which includes a 'Sym' (Symphony) section marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The fourth system contains the fourth line. Dynamics include 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The tempo/mood is 'Slow and Pathetic'.

In Scarlet Town, where I was born, there was a fair maid dwelling, who
made each youth cry, "well a day." Her name was Barbara Allen.
Sym
Twas in the plea-sant month of may, when trees with buds are swelling, a



3. He sent a swain unto the maid,
To the town where she was dwelling,
Who said "come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

4. For death is printed on his face
And o'er his heart is stealing
So come away for the love of grace,
Too charming Barbara Allen "

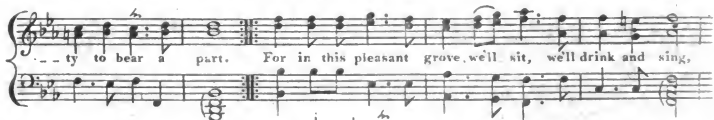
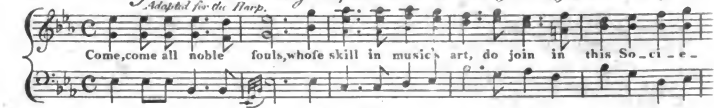
5. "Tho' death be printed on his cheek
And o'er his heart is stealing,
Yet little better shall he be
For the love of Barbara Allen "

6. So flowly, flowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said, when she came there,
Was, "man, I think you're dying "

. Turn over.

7. He turn'd himself then round in bed,
His breast with anguish swelling,
"O pity me, sweet maid,(he said,)
I die for Barbara Allen —"
8. "If you upon your death bed lie
What needs the tale you're telling;
I cannot cure you, no, not I,
Farewell!" said Barbara Allen.
9. He clasp'd his hands, he rais'd his eyes,
As deadly pangs he fell in,
"Adieu, adieu, to all,(he cries,)
Be kind to Barbara Allen —"
10. As she was walking far away,
She heard the bell a knelling,
And every stroke did seem to say,
"O cruel Barbara Allen —"
11. When she came to her mother's door,
She cried, heart-full of sorrow,
"O mother, mother! make my bed,
For I shall die to morrow. —"
12. When he was laid in his cold grave,
Each tongue of her was telling,
And all reproach'd the cruel maid,
The lovely Barbara Allen. —
13. This fill'd her mind with deep despair,
Distraction sore, she fell in —
"Arise (she cried,) ye spectres drear,
And seize on Barbara Allen. —"
14. At length the frenzy left her brain —
Her heart was sorrow's dwelling —
And oft alas! the hopeless maid,
Sigh'd, "cruel Barbara Allen —"
15. With faded form, with pallid cheek,
With anguish past the telling;
She call'd upon her lover's name,
And thus, died Barbara Allen. —

4 Glee. This charming Composition was written by D.^r Rogers, about 1669.⁴³
Adapted for the Harp.



A Scotch Song, Adapted with Harp Accompaniment.

Slow.

When absent from these faithful arms, o'er dis-tant hills my Hen-ry hies;
Fears fond-ly fram'd my heart a-larms, and tears of pas-sion bathe my eyes:
A-long this fe-cret grove I stray, For oft at eve I've met him here; And
to il-lu-sive thought a prey, I turn and fan-cy he is near.

Be - neath these oaks how wou'd he kneel, and vow his love with life should last;

But mem'ry heighten's all I feel, With pain I re - - col - lect the past.

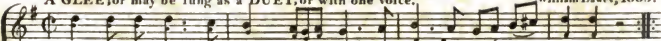
Some Fai - - ry guide, me to the spot, where hides the sov'reign of this heart;

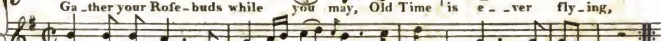


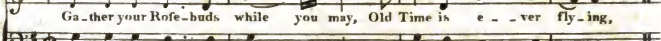
3.rd Thro' woods and wilds—midst thorns and brakes,
 For the dear lad my way I'll keep,
 'Till strength this tender frame forfakes,
 When wearied lie me down and weep:
 But O! return perfidious swain;
 Thou airy wand'rer cease to rove;
 Ah! haste to these fond arms again,
 For none you meet like me will love.

A GLEE; or may be sung as a DUET, or with one voice.

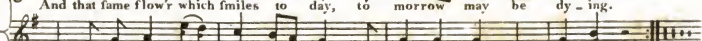
William Lawes, 1669.

1st  Ga - ther your Rose - buds while you may, Old Time is e - - ver fly - ing,

2nd  Ga - ther your Rose - buds while you may, Old Time is e - - ver fly - ing,

Bass.  Ga - ther your Rose - buds while you may, Old Time is e - - ver fly - ing,

 And that same flow'r which smiles to day, to morrow may be dy - ing.

 And that same flow'r which smiles to day, to morrow may be dy - ing.

 And that same flow'r which smiles to day, to morrow may be dy - ing.

2. That Age is best which is the first,
While Youth and blood are warmer;
Expect not then the last and worst,
Time still succeeds the former.

3. Then be not Coy, nor waste your time,
But while you're Young go Marry;
For having once got past your prime,
You may for ever tarry.



